

Canton Herald.

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may well be conceived when Ney re-
turned and received his embraces.—
The latter had soon afterwards nearly
the individual honor of saving the
wreck of his once mighty host at the
passage of Berezina. The story of
Waterloo need not be repeated here.
We shall only observe that on no oc-
casion did the bravest of the brave ex-
hibit more impetuous though hopeless
valor. Five horses were shot under
him; his garments were pierced with
balls; his whole person was disfigured
with blood and mud; yet he would have
continued the contest on foot while
life remained, had he not been forced
from the field by the dense and resist-
less columns of the fugitives.—*Murrys
Family Library.*

SINGULAR LOVE AFFAIR.

The Delaware Gazette, tells a good
story of two persons saved from the
wreck of the Pulaski, which we will
endeavor to repeat in a few words.

Among the passengers was Mr Ridge,
a young man of wealth and standing,
from New Orleans, who, being a stran-
ger to all on board, and feeling quite
as much interest in his own safety as
in that of any other person, was, in
the midst of the confusion which fol-
lowed the dreadful catastrophe, about
helping himself to a place in one of
the boats when a young lady who had
frequently elicited his admiration dur-
ing the voyage, but with whom he
was totally unacquainted, attracted his
attention, and he immediately leaped
forward to offer his services, and to as-
sist her on board the boat; but in this
generous attempt not only lost sight of
the young lady, but also his place in
the boat. Afterwards, when he dis-
covered that the part of the wreck on
which he floated, would soon go down,
he cast about for the means of preser-
vation, and lashing together a couple
of settees and an empty cask, he
sprang to it and launched himself upon
the wide ocean.

His vessel proved better than he ex-
pected, and amidst the shrieks, groans
and death struggles which were every
where uttered around him he began to
feel that his lot was fortunate—and
was consoling himself on his escape,
such as it was, when a person strug-
gling in the waves very near him,
caught his eye. It was a woman—and
without taking a second thought, he
plunged into the water, and brought
her safely to his little raft, which was
barely sufficient to keep their heads
and shoulders above water. "She was
the same young lady for whom he had
lost his chance in the boat, and for a
while he felt pleased at having effected
her rescue; but a moment's reflection
convinced him that unless he could find
a more substantial vessel, both must
perish.

Under these circumstances he pro-
posed making an effort to get his com-
panion in one of the boats which was
still hovering near the wreck, but the
proposition offered so little chance of
success that she declined, expressing
her willingness at the same time to
take her chance with him either for
life or death. Fortunately they drift-
ed upon a part of the wreck which
furnished them with materials for
strengthening their vessel, and which
were turned to such good account that
they soon sat a float sufficiently buoy-
ant to keep them above the water,
and when the morning dawned, they
found themselves upon the broad sur-
face of the "vasty deep," without land
or sail or human being in sight—with-
out a morsel to eat or drink—almost
without clothes, and exposed to the
burning heat of a tropical sun.

In the course of the next day they
came in sight of land, and for a time
had strong hopes of reaching it, but
during the succeeding night the wind
drove them back upon the ocean. On
the third day a sail was seen in the dis-
tance, but they had no means of mak-
ing themselves discovered. They
were however, at length picked up by
a vessel, after several days of intense
suffering, starved and exhausted, but
still in possession of their faculties,
which it seems had been employed to
some purpose during their solitary and
dangerous voyage.

We have heard of love in a cottage
—love in the deep green woods—nay,
even of love on the wild unfurrowed
prairie; but love upon a plank in the
midst of old ocean, with a dozen fright-
ful deaths in view, is something still
more uncommon. And yet it would
seem that love thus born upon the bos-
om of the deep—cradled by the ocean
wave—and refined under the fierce
beams of an almost vertical sun—is,
after all, the very thing. There is a
bout it the true spice of romance—the
doubts, the hopes, the difficulties—aye,
the deaths too, to say nothing of the
sighs and tears. Mr. Ridge must
have been a very romantic person.

therefore, beacknowledged as the most
romantic of lovers, for there upon the
"deep sea he breathed his precocious
passion, mingled his sighs with the
breath of old ocean, and vowed eter-
nal affection. Women are the best
creatures in the world, and it is not to
be expected that Miss Onslow (such
was the lady's name) could resist the
substantial evidences of affection which
her companion had given, and accord-
ingly they entered into an "alliance
offensive and defensive," as the states-
men say, which has since been renewed
upon "terra firma, and is ere long to
be signed and sealed.

On reaching the shore and recover-
ing somewhat from the effects of the
voyage, Mr. Ridge, thinking that per-
haps his lady love had entered into the
engagement without proper consid-
eration, and that the sight of land and
old friends might have caused her to
change her views, waited on her and
informed her that if such was the case
he would not hesitate to release her
from the engagement, and added fur-
ther, that he had lost his all by the
wreck of the Pulaski, and would hence-
forth have to depend entirely on his
own exertions for his subsistence. The
lady was much affected, and bursting
into tears assured him that her affec-
tion was unchangeable, and as to for-
tune, she was happy to say that she
had enough for both. She is said to
be worth two hundred thousand dol-
lars.—[Brooklyn Adv.]

AFFECTED DEAFNESS.

A stranger dismounted at the door
of the Hotel, and gave his horse
to the officious waiter. The bar-keep-
er opened the register to take his
name.

"You are right," said he, a single
room would be more agreeable," and
he walked into the supper-room to
which the crowd of boarders was
pressing. The barkeeper ran after
him, screaming in his ear—

"What name did you say?"
"Thank you," replied the traveller.
"I can find the way—don't give your-
self any trouble."

On his return into the bar-room, a
waiter took up his saddle bags, and
told the deaf stranger he would show
him to his chamber.

"My friend who will spend the eve-
ning with me, prefers pale sherry,"
said he, "you may send up a bottle
and a few cigars."

"I did not," said the barkeeper,
"exactly understand your name."

"I think a little ice would improve
the wine," was the answer; "and
now I think of it, you may put the
bottle in a wine cooler."

His friend now joined him, and
they walked to his room together.—
The deaf lodger patronized the house
to the extent of another bottle be-
fore he slept. The waiter who bro't
it up ventured once more to enquire
his name.

"Nothing more," said the deaf
man, "except a slice of cold ham, a
pickle, and a little cheese."

The next morning after breakfast,
when the stranger's horse was at the
door, he asked for his bill. He was
told it was six dollars and three cen-
tims. "You are very kind," said he,
"I had expected to pay you; but if
this is your custom to charge nothing
for the first visit, you shall lose no-
thing by it—all my friends in Spon-
geville, will certainly give you at least
one call, when they come into the
city. Good morning."

"I would thank you to pay your
bill before you go," screamed the bar-
keeper.

"I am obliged to you," said the deaf
gentleman, "I can put them on," and
he took up his saddle bags and depart-
ed. As he mounted, the bystanders
began to laugh immoderately at the
awkward embarrassment which af-
flicted the barkeeper, who was in de-
spair while he bawled after the delin-
quent, who continued bowing and re-
peating his assurances that he would
certainly remember the accommoda-
tions, civility, and liberality of the
house, and recommend it to all his
friends who might pass through the
city. The gentleman who so well
affected deafness won the wager he
had staked on the success of his
scheme, and paid his bill the next
time he visited the city.

FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.—Theodore
Cibber, in company with three others
had made an excursion. Theodore had
a false set of teeth—a second, a glass
eye—a third a cork leg—but the
fourth had nothing in particular ex-
cept a funny way of shaking his
head.

They travelled in a post coach, and
while on the first stage, after each
had made merry with his neighbor's
sights and tears. Mr. Ridge must
have been a very romantic person.

infirmary, they agreed at every bait-
ing place to affect the same singu-
larity. When they came to breakfast
they were all to squint—and lan-
guage cannot express how admirably
they all squinted—for they went a
degree beyond the superlative. At
dinner they all appeared to have a
cork leg, and their stumping about
made more diversion than they had
done at breakfast. At tea they were
all deaf; but at supper, which was at
the "Ship," at Dover, each man resu-
med his character, the better to play
his part in the farce they had concert-
ed among them. When they were
ready to go to bed, Cibber cried out to
the waiter, "where you fellow! take
out my teeth." "Teeth, sir!" said
the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew
that wire, and they'll come out toge-
ther." After some hesitation, the
man did as he was ordered. This was
no sooner done than a second called
out, "where you! take out my eye!"
"Sir," said the waiter, "your eye!"
"Yes, my eye. Come here you stu-
pid dog! pull up the eyelid, and it will
come out as easy as possible." This
done, the third cried out, "Here, you
raised! take off my leg." This he
did with less reluctance, being before
apprized that it was cork, and also
conceiving that it would be his last
job. He was however mistaken; the
fourth watched his opportunity, and
whilst the frightened waiter was sur-
veying with rueful countenance the
eye, teeth and leg, lying on the table,
cried, in a frightful hollow voice,
"come here, sir—take off my head."
Turning round and seeing the man's
head shaking like that of a mandarin
upon a chimney piece, he darted out
of the room; and, after tumbling
down stairs, he ran madly about the
house, as if cut of his senses.—[*Flour-
ish of Anecdotes.*

From the New York Beacon. LITERARY TREASURES RECO- VERED FROM THE RU- INS OF POMPEII.

Within these last few years, the
interest felt in the ruins of this once
magnificent city, has increased to
such a degree, that nothing has been
left undone to satisfy the curiosity of
the antiquarian, or reward the re-
searches of the scholar. To the for-
mer have been presented objects af-
fording the highest gratification, tho'
accompanied with a sad and melan-
choly feeling, when he has reflected
upon the cause which has enabled
him to view these objects. He has
walked in the very streets of Pom-
peii, and in deep silence, like the si-
lence of the tombs, has entered its
forsaken dwellings, and surveyed eve-
ry thing that belonged to them—their
rich and splendid furniture, their gold
and silver vases, their lamps, tripods
and medals, their busts and statues,
their paintings and household gods—
all, all still standing, just as they
were seventeen hundred years ago
when that awful calamity visited the
city, and consigned its ill-fated in-
habitants to instantaneous destruction.

But to the scholar have been pre-
sented sources of higher and nobler
enjoyment. He has come into the
possession of that which no time can
destroy, no conflagration consume—
the mind of past ages. True, he has
not obtained so much as at first he so
confidently expected. Still, his litera-
ry stores have been increased, and if,
after all the toil of unrolling and de-
ciphering the papyri, nothing else
had been discovered, the entire words
of Epicurus, and the lost republic of
Cicero, would alone be sufficient to
repay him for all the labor and time
that have been expended; but these
are not all. Fragments of many of
the Latin classics are continually mak-
ing their appearance, now and then
epistles from friend to friend, helping
much to illustrate portions of Roman
history, and to give us a nearer in-
sight into Roman manners.

The following is a translation of a
letter from the orator Hortensius to
Atticus, which has just been found in
the library at Pompeii. It is a glow-
ing critique on the celebrated ora-
tions of Cicero against Cataline, and
will be read with interest by every
one who has read the originals of
these masterly productions.

Quintus Hortensius to Titus Pan-
pompus Atticus, at Athens.—I
should do injustice to you, my Atti-
cus, as well as our mutual and be-
loved friend Cicero, were I not to give
you some account of this day's pro-
ceedings in our city. Of the melan-
choly state of the times you are well
aware. Faction, intrigue, bribery
and corruption, are spreading through-
out Rome. The whole moral atmos-
phere seems to be polluted; and even
that place which ought of all others

to be pure—the Senate House—is in-
fected. Every man of ruined for-
tune seems to be exerting his whole
power to bring ruin upon the repub-
lic, in hopes to raise himself to emi-
nence amid the general destruction.

Such a man, as you well know, is
Lucius Cataline—who, last night, was
detected to be at the head of a con-
spiracy most daring and horrid than
any recorded on the page of history.
It was no less than to raise a general
insurrection, to fire the city, to put
all of noble blood to death, to overthrow
the fair fabric of our republic, and to
establish a tyranny upon its ruins. Of
this, Cicero, ever on the alert, obtain-
ed immediate intelligence; and early
this morning summoned the Senate
to the temple of Jupiter Stator, which
as you know, is done only in times
of public alarm. And would you believe
that Cataline himself had the effron-
tery to meet with them? Yes, he on
account of whose daring villainy the
Senate had now assembled, came and
took his usual seat. At the sight of
this, Cicero, who sat in the Consul's
chair, was confounded, and for a time
seemed at a loss for what to do. And
no wonder, Atticus, when you re-
flect upon the times, and upon the
body of men in the midst of which he
was. How could he feel confident
that the Senate would support him?—
How did he know but that half of
them were leagued with the infamous
Cataline? How could he think that
this parricide would dare to set his
foot within the temple, unless he felt
sure of the Senate's protection? He
could not look around upon this body,
without seeing those of the most
questionable character. He could see
on one side a Cethegus, to whom the
faction of Marius had looked up as
its chief support; on another, a Len-
tulus, who, by his prodigality, had be-
come the leader of the mob; and be-
fore him, Caesar, artful, gifted, ambi-
tious, aspiring to supreme command.
No wonder, then, that at first the res-
olution of Cicero seemed to fail him.
But, at length, quieting every rising
fear, summoning up all his courage,
and his every moral power—and feel-
ing that his country, his idol, called
upon him in this trying hour, in the
midst of such an assembly, the orator
arose and addressed Cataline himself.
Never before did I hear such tones
from the lips of Cicero. I had heard
him when he imparted to the dumbest
law question the most intense interest.
I had heard him when by his persua-
sive eloquence, he seemed to bend e-
ven justice herself. I had heard
him, when in pleading the cause of
the defenceless and the orphan, he
drew tears from the sternest hearts.
But here, how different! I never be-
fore saw Cicero in such a character;
I never thought he possessed such a
power. He appeared in a new and
divine light. He seemed like Patri-
otism herself, descended in human
form to save our threatened country.
Such a strain of impassioned eloquence
never before fell from the lips of mor-
tal man. Now, he addressed Cata-
line with the most thrilling denuncia-
tions, laying open to his view the
whole course of his past life; his vices,
his intrigues, his daring villainies, his
present horrid plot; exhorting him to
leave the city and fly beyond the
walls. Now, he addressed the Sen-
ate, conjuring them in the name of
the republic, devoted to ruin, their
city to conflagration, their wives to
violence, their children to slavery, and
themselves to death—to unite and
crush the foul and daring traitor.—
Now, in the name of the mighty found-
ers of the Republic—of Romulus,
and our martial ancestors, he implor-
ed the protection of heaven over
this hitherto favored land. Argument,
entreaty, expostulation, persuasion,
warning, threatening—all were used,
to rouse the Senate into action, and
to drive Cataline from the walls.—
When he thanked the immortal gods
for their protection thus far, I could
but think of the devout and aged
Chryses, as he stood in the midst of
the Grecian camp on the plains of Il-
lium, with his hands raised to heaven
in prayer. When he invoked their
protection for the future, his tones
were like the music of Apollo. When
he invoked their protection for the
future, his tones were like the music
of Apollo. When he called down
vengeance on the head of Cataline,
they were like the thunder of Jupiter.
Never—never can I forget this day.
A feverish excitement is still upon
me. Methinks I see his majestic and
noble frame; I still hear the music,
the thunder of his voice. It was in-
deed a spectacle of true moral sub-
limity—to see a single man, not
knowing what might be the issue, of
course not knowing whether the Sen-

ate would support or abandon him—
rose up, fearless, in the midst of so
august an assembly, and deliver him-
self with so much power, such elo-
quence, for his country's good. As a
special pleader, as an advocate for
the rights of injured innocence, we
have long acknowledged and felt his
power. But with this day has com-
menced a new era of his life. With
this day will his name be associated
with all that is great and exalted in
nature. As an impassioned orator,
an able statesman, a great and virtu-
ous patriot, will his memory be cher-
ished in all time to come. Long,
long, my Atticus, may he be preserv-
ed to Rome! Long may he live to
protect the rights, and direct the en-
ergies of this great republic! Fare-
well!

From the Louisville Journal.

Some of the tory organs affect to
think that Mr. Van Buren can carry
Tennessee. They cannot be so silly
as they would have their readers be-
lieve. Can they really and seriously
suppose, that Tennessee, after having
defied all the wrath of the chieftain
of the Hermitage, will quietly bow
herself down before the little man of
Kinderhook?

Why is it that none of the Tory
presses, in enumerating the names of
the leading abolitionists, ever make
mention of Thomas Morris, the tory
Senator from Ohio, who during the
late Congressional session, actually
proposed a series of resolutions to
the Senate, for the total abolition
and utterance of a greater amount of in-
flammatory denunciation upon that
subject than all the other members of
Congress put together.

A worthy surgeon-dentist was lately
making a whig speech in one of
the interior counties of this State.—
"What do you ask for pulling a tooth,
Doctor?" exclaimed a loco loco in the
crowd. "I will pull your tooth for a
shilling and your nose for half the mo-
ney," replied the speaker.

Editorial Difficulties.—The editor
of the Christian Advocate and Jour-
nal, makes the following remark in his
last:—"The difficulty of selecting
suitable articles for the paper, of dis-
posing of written communications so
as to satisfy all parties, and of writing
an occasional editorial, is greater than
any human being, except an editor or
his assistant can conceive."

Johnson, the Lexicographer, once
made a bet with Boswell that he could
go into a fish market and put a Billings-
gate woman in a passion without say-
ing a word that she could understand.
We do not happen to have the origi-
nal version of the anecdote by us, and
shall therefore tell the story in our
own way. The doctor commenced
by silently indicating with his nose that
her fish had passed the state in which
a man's olfactory could endure their
flavor. The Billingsgate lady made a
verbal attack, common in vulgar par-
lance, which impugned the classifica-
tion in natural history of the doctor's
mother. The doctor answered, "you
are an article, madam." "You are a
noun madam." "You—you—you"—
stammered the woman, choking with
rage at a list of titles she could not un-
derstand. "You are a preposition."
The beldam shook her first in speech-
less rage. "You are a verb; an ad-
jective; an adverb; a conjunction; a
preposition; an interjection!" solemnly
continued the doctor, applying the
harmless epithets at proper intervals.
The nine parts of speech completely
conquered the old woman, and she
dumped herself down in the mud, cry-
ing with rage at being thus "blackguard-
ed," in a set of unknown terms, which
not understanding, she could not an-
swer.

CLAREMONT, N. H.—The way the
people are dunned in this bustling and
thriving little town is a caution, as we
would judge from the number of ad-
vertisements in the *Eagle*. One man
declares, in calling upon his debtors,
"to pay up," that he is in earnest."
another advises them to "save cost,"
by paying before the "ides of March;"
another will leave their accounts forth-
with with an attorney; "another threat-
ens to play the deuce, but don't exact-
ly say what he intends by it. We sus-
pect all this "isn't to pass for nothing."
But they ought to live in harmony
there—they have the town of *Unity* on
one side, *Goshen* on another, or near
by, and the sweetest river in the world
running through their midst—"Sugar
River."

Mr. Pitt, walking one evening with
Edmund Burke, and the latter coming
to a short post in the pavement, which,
in the earnestness of conversation, he
took to be a boy standing in his way,
said hastily, "Get out of the way
boy." "That boy, sir," said Pitt, "is
a post-boy, who never turns out of the
way for any body."

The Mississippi River is falling.